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No. 1.

WHAT HOME MAY DO FOR THE CAMP.

WE are all busy about the army. Our hands, our time, our purses, our hearts, our thoughts, sleeping as waking, are largely occupied with it,—not what it is to do, but what we can do for it. And there is no end to suggestion, to plan, to doing, and no end to the opposition to what is suggested, planned, done, while there is no doubt but our best plan and thought do fail and must fail of accomplishing what we desire. The system, probably, could not be devised that should aptly and amply meet every demand, prevent every misery, remedy every evil.

I have some thought of what Home may do, — *Home* already so thoughtful, so fruitful in expedient and resource, so tenderly watching over, so nobly striving to protect, “the soldier of the good cause.”

And, first, as we say in sermons, Home may do a great deal towards reconciling the soldier to the disagreeable things in his condition. I do not refer to hardships, perils, diseases, wounds, which every soldier foresees and accepts as the conditions of his service, — only to *disagreeable* things, incidental to, inseparable from, his present position.

Our volunteer soldiery have not only gone out directly from our homes, but in many instances they have gone

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from social importance and place into the ranks. Men who have consideration with their fellows, who have led in town, in party, in church, in neighborhood affairs, find themselves reduced to the level of the common soldier of the army, — no longer men of separate, independent force and will, but compelled to obey the army code, and yield to the word, the mood, of the man in authority, — a colonel, a captain, or a corporal. Now, a colonel is not necessarily a gentleman, kindly, considerate, regarding his men, in the large sense, as *men*, — nor is a corporal always just the man to exercise a little authority; and it must be terribly hard, when a man feels his officer every way his inferior in manhood, to yield him obedience. Take, as an instance which has occurred, and probably more than once. The sergeant of a company is an Irishman. The private is a man of some education and refinement. A few months ago the private would not have taken a command from him. Their social position is the inverse of their military position, and the private is every way the better fitted for command, except in the accident of proficiency in the manual, length of service, or some other thing which has given him the post. There is no doubt but such a man may make, and does make, the position of the private very disagreeable; and as he cannot help himself, naturally enough he resorts to home for sympathy. In a thousand other ways the soldier finds himself cramped and thwarted by an iron necessity, which heads him off everywhere, and compels a yielding, not merely irksome, but seemingly tyrannous, — and, no doubt, sometimes really so. If we are to judge by what we hear, our *men* are in the ranks. Some grand officers we have, men noble every way, to follow whom is privilege, to obey whom is pleasure. But there are many in place — we at home know it — whom *we* could not serve under; and yet our sons and brothers and husbands must yield to them with the same implicitness they would to the noblest and the best.

Can they but feel this? Do not their letters show that

they do? — and are not our teeth set, and our hands clinched, as we read, and do not fiery or impatient words go back? To what good? To feed a flame, whose burning is only mischief. The fact, the painful truth is, these things cannot be helped. They are a part of the inevitable evils of war, — minor evils, we call them, and yet how much easier might some great thing be borne! A man might calmly bear the amputation of a limb, who would be driven to the madhouse by the little, hourly, life-long teasing of a splinter under the flesh.

For a long time it seemed to me that Home had a right to demand that her children should be somewhat more tenderly considered than those who had made war their trade, — that there should be some toning down of the demands of the service in their case. One's heart pleads that way, but I have since felt that there were jealousies enough already existing between the regular and volunteer service, and that, for the good of the cause, the volunteer must patiently accept the disagreeables, — the things which, in his case, it would seem might be removed. The service will not bear this distinction, and the noble, independent man of the home must come down to the level of the calling he, for the time, makes his, — accept and grow wise from the very bitterness of his experience. The yielding of his spirit here may make in him a grander moral strength.

And Home may help him. She cannot but think highly of her warriors, and every trouble of theirs troubles her. The hard thing, the disagreeable thing, is felt at home keenly as at the camp. The soldier tells it. Moist eyes, flushed faces, about the hearth, show how it has struck. The reply goes back, not to soothe, but irritate the wound. Home is indignant, thinks such things ought not to be borne, is eloquent about the neglect of high officials, talks of oppression and injustice, — and the matter is every way the worse. One cannot wonder at Home, — and yet it is not the way to help the soldier. Most of these annoyances would soon pass of

themselves. The soldier living with them becomes wonted to them. After a little, they cease to worry. He accepts them along with the other imperfections in his lot. Perhaps they are forgotten, when the words of Home come to renew the irritation, and she in her loving sympathy unhappily makes the last state of that soldier more unhappy than the first.

That home best helps the soldier which helps him take patiently and bear uncomplainingly every trouble. The endurance, the courage, the fidelity of the soldier, depend largely upon her. She may make or unmake him. Above all other things, it is the word from her that inspires him. She can shield him in his greater or lesser perils. Let him have strength from her, — not a weak sentiment, not unreasoning sympathy, not perilous advice, — but true, manly wisdom, which shall help him wait and suffer, as well as dare and do. This great struggle is to be fought out in our homes, by the hearthstone, as well as on the field. Let fresh and noble impulse ever go forth from them, not for the battle only, but for the burden of daily life. Let the tidal throbs of wise home-love be felt by all in every camp, and neither we, nor our country, nor our cause, shall blush because of our soldiers!

There is one disagreeable thing which the tyro in camp life especially feels, in which he is sure of home sympathy, — the character of his rations. It must be allowed that these are not just what one would choose, and it needs no special power of imagination to understand how thoroughly a homesick soldier, just from the plenty of a New-England home, must loathe salt pork and hard bread. Hard as it may be, the duty of Home is to help wean the soldiers from "the good things," — rather to reconcile him to his fare, than keep up his discontent by frequent instalments from the home larder. Government has been very honest and very earnest in its efforts to prevent any just complaint. Of course there will be times when things will not go right in the camp kitchens. Even home knows something of that. In the field there must be mishaps which the clearest foresight

cannot always prevent, but the provision of government is ample. The soldier cannot eat his rations. They are plain, substantial, wholesome, such as long experience has decided to be best adapted to his need. They do not include certain things men have been used to, and there is the trouble. The men themselves soon get to relish what they at first loathed. But home cannot do this so easily. She thinks of her own plenty. By that scale she judges, and strives out of her own plethoric stores to make good the lack. I have seen sensible letters from the camp, begging sympathetic friends to keep back the good things for which the soldier had no room, or for the time had lost his relish. Many of the things sent have been spoiled before arriving, or have proved so attractive to the rats of the store-houses that but little was left for the soldier. The men are merry, and grow fat under the governmental *régime*. A young friend, wonted to every delicacy, assured me he never knew such health as upon his, often, raw pork and hard biscuit. The men of our homes have been weeks without tents, exposed every way, without sickness, and conscious of a higher physical vigor and enjoyment than ever before. Be sure home wastes a great deal of sympathy and expense. We were growing a paltry and puny race under our artificial habits and laws, and one among many good lessons we are to learn from this war is, that we increased our luxuries till they became necessities, while the real necessities are few and simple. In the great essentials, the camp is better off under the government than it could be under home. Reason and experience are better judges than love and sympathy. A soldier will march better, fight better, sleep better, watch better, be better, on the army ration, than he could if he fared sumptuously at Parker's every day; and home will do a wiser thing in letting its children become wonted to their fare, than by teasing the appetite with choice bits now and then. The weaning should be prompt and thorough.

Again, it seems to me of special importance that the

soldier should be helped to remember that he is still a part of Home, and that all that he is and does, primarily and vitally, concerns her. There is a tendency in his position, the entire change in his modes of life, his companionships and occupations, to make him look at himself as one, for the time, separate from all past influence, to allow himself to fall under other laws, to drop to a moral level below that which he held at home, or would think reputable in returning there. And sometimes the best men sink the lowest, especially if they are young, and this prove to be the first real experience they have had in life. I think the aggregate evil of a camp life a good deal exaggerated, while there is no doubt that special temptations exist, which, because they are special, exercise a largely deleterious influence. Camp life, when the novelty is worn away, when there are no excitements of immediate service, gets to be a hard and dull routine of mechanical labor. It is guard duty, drill, rest, succeeded by rest, drill, guard duty, except where, in our army, this is relieved by digging ditches and cutting down forests. The work, however monotonous and mechanical, is safe; while employed, there is no danger; but the intervals of rest are full of that. Weary, deprived of many of the resources which make home life tolerably secure, without the spirit or the taste for continuous reading, the soldier's leisure is his time of exposure. Then is the hour and power of temptation, and he may fall before it from the sheer unwillingness to exert himself to resist. This will account for the fact that gambling obtains so extensively in all armies. It is an exciting way of occupying a leisure which has been made unenjoyable by previous hard work or the persistent monotony of routine. Too weary to read, not just in the condition to sleep, craving some break in the day's experience, this fascinating occupation presents itself. There are no checks, no safeguards of home. It is yielded to, even by those who never have practised it before, whose whole moral nature is set against it. The same may be said of other

things. The *ennui* of camp life furnishes the opportunity and supplies the spur, and men fall who would have been safe elsewhere, and would be safe still did they not feel themselves separate from the presence and influence of the old, ordinary life.

Now make the men feel that the old home is still about them,—that they are not alien, absent, or separate, except in the outmost, lowest sense. Show them, by the frequency and the character of your communications with them, not only that the old home love embraces them, but that the old home eye is upon them. Let them understand that they are just as large a part of your daily life, just as much husband, son, father, brother, as when they slept under the old roof, or sat in the familiar chair. This love God has planted so deeply in the human heart is an invisible essence not hemmed in by visible expressions, but it goes out to grasp and hold at the antipodes as truly as at the hearth. It can hold the friend absent as the friend present; it reaches back from the distant, silent grave, through long years, and with mystic tie keeps the heart and moulds all life. Let the camp feel that power,—the power armed men cannot stand against,—hovering as the guardian spirit over each and all.

It is something new in the history of armies,—and it is to be a great moral safeguard,—that not only mails, but expresses, reach every camp frequently and regularly, and no little incident of camp life is more suggestive than the interest with which every letter and token from home is received. What an opportunity, and what an influence, is here laid open before home! Rightly used, here is a power which cannot be measured, sending a daily, counter-acting influence into all the sin and temptation there may be, renerving many a tottering spirit, reclaiming some who begin to wander, refreshing all. Ah, blessed be God! that a tiny sheet of paper, covered with black marks, can carry to our absent and exposed ones such precious mementos

of the deepest emotions, can wake such mighty and such hallowing memories, — nay, may touch, teach, counsel, console, so as we could not ourselves, though the deep eye gazed into answering depths, and we lay enfolded in arms of love! Out from your hearts send these precious missives. Let their white wings crowd to the camps, as the doves to the windows. Let them go fraught with the good things the heart can say; the daily news, the cheerful narrative, the little detail, so prized in absence; the sage advice, the prudent wisdom; — let them go often, and they, as they shall go, and theirs in answer as they come, shall be the warp and woof of a new relation between souls, not seen by human eyes, but which time shall not wear or fade, and the great hereafter shall renew and strengthen. I feel sure that, if home is faithful, and keeps up a high-toned and frequent intercourse with the camp, — not allowed to flag or be set aside or become irregular or brief because of other cares, interests, or pursuits, — it will keep the dear ones true, and bring us back those who, having done their duty nobly, have for their reward and our rejoicing a larger manhood and a firmer virtue.

Then, too, we can help the soldier in his pains. These are inseparable from his profession, and it is one of the saddest things about it, not only that we know he must suffer, but must suffer every complication of pain and misery. Camps have their disease, as the battle its peril. Of the first we know but little, for it has already been clearly demonstrated by this campaign, that disease may be held in abeyance by proper sanitary law. Still there must be sickness, and there must be wounds, and home cannot be there. It is hard to say which has the more to endure, the sufferer from home or the sufferer at home.

The war was scarcely inaugurated before the home began to see the mission opening before it, and then commenced an activity, which, without flagging, still labors, not merely to meet, but to anticipate the want. I gather, from good

authority, that government provision for hospital service is scant at best. Perhaps it is all that circumstances allow, for a government that has shown itself so anxious to provide well for its soldiers, which does provide so much better than any other, would surely not fail here. We must take the hospital provision to be up to the ability of the government, or to be the decision of her experience, or the limit of possibility. Sick men lie upon straw in the camps,—officers even not knowing the luxury of a sheet,—with nothing better than a blanket to take off the harshness of the straw from fevered, rheumatic, or wounded limbs. Of course regular hospitals are differently served, but a moving regiment or an encamped brigade can be provided with only the barest necessities. The regular army has long submitted to this. It was understood to be inevitable. It was part of the misfortune, part of the horror of war, which they accepted with the rest, which each man hoped he should escape. But Home could not rest easy so. She was bound to alleviate all that she could. The men who were to suffer were bone of her bone. Her choicest treasures were in the field,—no hirelings, no veterans, no professed soldiers,—but her own dear children, dismissed in tears and agony to an uncertain service, from which she would take every pain and peril possible. Are not the ready alacrity, the warm sympathy, the abounding charity, of the past months as a witnessing cloud to the fidelity of home love? Does it not seem as if Home, like the pelican mother, would rob herself to shield her own? You find now that there is something sensitive in man beside the nerve which runs through his pocket. You know that no want can be suggested, no suffering made known, that will not be at once relieved. For once there seems no counting of the cost, but the ready and free outpouring of time and toil, and that which, not least, is apt to come last, money. But this zeal and readiness of Home needs chastening. A great deal is done to waste. We have worked upon impulse, and without system. Some-

body has said there was a want, and straightway it was met; but somebody was unauthorized, or mistaken, or officious, and the work, the time, and sympathy were lost. There is no doubt that many of the orders sent out last spring, though emanating from persons in some authority, were injudicious. A great deal of work done then, I am told, has never been used. I have very much the same feeling about the present access of interest. My own investigation satisfies me of the pressing wants of the army, while I am quite sure that a great deal of energy, zeal, and money is wasted. It comes from the camp, that while certain favorite regiments have a perfect surfeit of all things required, so as to waste them and leave them behind when the camping-ground is changed, others suffer for the bare necessities. Certain things too are supplied in over-abundance, certain others are not thought of. I feel the exceeding difficulty of so arranging matters, that everything shall be so done that this great labor of love shall answer the desired purpose; and yet I think more might be done, by putting judicious, common-sense, experienced persons at the head of affairs. It is not every good thing that can be suggested that is either wise, desirable, or feasible.

Beside a lack of system in the labor, and what appears like a lack of judgment in some of the directors, one thing is worthy of note. We have been providing for the sufferings of the soldiers as we should were they to be nursed at home. We have not regarded enough their actual position and the imperative fact that everything *must* be simplified, all mere luxuries stricken out, and the outfit reduced to the lowest minimum compatible with health or recovery. A surgeon, from actual service, informs me, that the elaborate hospital shirts, with numberless strings, nicely slashed sleeves, and other fancies, are useless in camp, or in a military hospital. They are very well at home, where you have time and attendants, where you expect to be nice, and want to look nice for visitors, where you can wash, and

iron, and change, but they cannot be heeded, they are only a plague, in the camp. So with jellies, preserves, and other mere delicacies. They are well enough at home,—luxuries,—but they are not necessities, they minister to no real want, they help no disease. A pound of sago, a jar of pickles, a dozen lemons, are worth all the sweetmeats that could go—fermenting and occupying the place of more honest restoratives—from Boston to St. Louis in a twelve-month. We must remember that in war, on the field, the sick cannot be treated as at home, and we must do violence to that portion of our nature which suggests what we consider essential here that we may study what is possible there. I do not want to see this noble uprising and outpouring of sympathy checked, soured, any way, as it is in danger of being, when people find that their outlay has gone for naught. I suspect men got well better before the day of delicacies; I am sure they will on the field without them. They are the over-refinements of our somewhat mischievous civilization. The simple, the nutritious in food, ample but plain garments, such as are easily cleansed, with the necessary articles for the bed and for the convalescent, are about all it is wise to send or possible to use, and all beyond these are likely to be wasted or not used,—to be cumbrous or improper.

I do not believe any one thing will conduce more to the moral health of the soldier, than supplying him with healthy and honorable amusements. And they will be more enjoyed and of greater value if they can be associated with home. This I know from some experience. The well men need games to secure them from mischief in their leisure hours, and the convalescent need them to wile away the terrible tedium of recovery. I should feel that I had done a great and good work, if I had provided every soldier with a lead pencil and a few sheets of paper, and put a backgammon board in every tent. You have no idea how much heart-sickness there has been in our camps from want of the first,—how much pleasure from the advent of the last.

Friends! out from our homes, out from our hearts, have gone the warriors of the army of the Union. It is no mean sacrifice we have made the great cause in offering them. They have gone with manly hearts, and great hopes, — gone to peril, it may be to wounds, disease, death, — gone, it may be, to fall before the might of the tempter, to lose the soul, if not the life. They strike for us. It is our rights, our prosperity, our liberty, they have in their keeping. And as they go into all the uncertainty, it is the memory of the dear ones left at home that nerves them for duty and for danger, and sustains them under fatigue, privation, discouragement, and keeps defeat from running to despair. There is much for us to do for them, not in prayers and sympathies alone, but in activities, in prudent, systematic labor, in loving words, which shall fly redolent with old home love to warm hearts away. Mothers, sisters, wives, it is a blessed thing you may do, not by the gentle ministry of nimble fingers only. You may not fan the fevered cheek, you may not moisten the parched lips, you may not minister as you would love to minister, but love is ever fertile in resource, and there are means you may devise to keep your grasp strong and warm still upon those gone out from you. Do not you fail, but draw those far away closer than ever, and when the battle is past, and wrath has died, and peace returns, — when camps are broken and homes made glad again, may you feel that those who return have never been really from you, — never beyond the reach and influence of the ministries and the love of HOME!

J. F. W. W.

“ALAS! there are men who walk the road to hell, always the while looking back at heaven, and trembling as they pace forward towards their place of doom. They hasten on as under a spell, shrinking from the consequences of their own deliberate doings.” — J. H. NEWMAN.

VISIT TO LUBECK.

I HAVE turned quite out of the line of ordinary travel to see this town, which has filled a large space in history, and which is now interesting rather for what it has been than for what it is. Lubeck was for two hundred years at the head of the powerful Hanseatic League, and Hamburg and Bremen were but children to it. But when that league was given up, and the cities became independent of each other, Lubeck began to decline, and at present is in a stationary position, moving steadily along in a course of prosperity, having an extensive commerce with the cities of the Baltic, and sending steamers every week to the great cities of Russia and Denmark and Sweden. But Lubeck is not so curious a city as many others in Germany: few of its buildings and few of its streets have the antiquated appearance of its neighbor, Hamburg, and, were it not for its churches and its historical associations, it would not be a city of great interest.

I left the beautiful station-house this morning, with the two ladies in my care, to explore this old town of Lubeck. We could not forget, as we walked into the city, that here was the place where Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter of many a famous English face, Overbeck, one of the greatest masters of form and perspective which the artist world has produced, Tycho Brahe the astronomer, and Froucke, the founder of the great Orphan Institution at Halle, were all born. We passed under one of the old gates of the city, one of those curious two-towered affairs which you have seen in pictures, and which are so thoroughly German. The city lay stretched out before us, not noteworthy for any other feature than the tall, pointed towers of the churches, towers just like those which crowned the gate of the city, only much higher. We could see at least six of these most untasteful spires, many of them of immense height, those of St. Mary's Church rising four hun-

dred and thirty feet. Most ungainly churches are they all in their exterior, although the Lubeck people do rate them so highly: mere rough brick, without any elegant mouldings or carvings of stone. And who that ever saw the two tall, pointed towers, which often surmount German churches, could think of them in any other light than their extreme ugliness? They have not, it seems to me, a single redeeming feature, excepting their intense nationality. *That* they have; no country but Germany produces them. We turned our way towards the one which by all report is the finest, — the St. Mary's Church, which is a finer church than any which I have seen in England or Ireland or Paris, excepting the famous Madeleine in the latter city, and Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's in London. In respect to size, it is the fourth church in Germany. After looking at its mean exterior and its ungainly towers, we were thoroughly surprised to enter a church of Italian magnificence. The altarpiece is the finest that I have ever seen, the gift of a rich burgomeister in the palmy days of Lubeck, — the entire figures of Christ crucified, and John and Mary and Mary Magdalene and another disciple, wrought exquisitely in Italian marble. The face of Jesus is most sweet and gentle, and expresses the greatest depths of physical anguish. I could hardly call it a work of genius, for it did not reveal the mental suffering of Jesus, but for finish, as a work in marble, it was admirable. In the church is one of those wonderful clocks, which are sometimes met with in Germany, which accomplish such a vast amount of reckoning, and whose moving figures go through so many evolutions. We watched it as the seven Electors of Germany came out and bowed to the Emperor when the hour struck, and we listened to the choral which was played too at that time. There are two pictures in this church by Overbeck, which I enjoyed exceedingly. Overbeck is one of the masters in modern art, a man who is deficient in coloring, it seems to me, but yet a man who has done more to bring out the *activity* of Christ than

any other painter whom I know. Nearly all great painters have represented the Saviour in such passive attitudes, and with so womanly a mien, that it has been left for Overbeck alone to give him that manliness and force and resoluteness which he unquestionably united to his womanly sensibility. We have in America a volume of engravings from Overbeck's pictures, illustrative of the life of Jesus, and I know of no volume of pictures so interesting. They are on one account to be preferred to his pictures, and that is because he always gives such high and oddly contrasted colors, that it is pleasant to have them left out, and nothing but Overbeck's excellences of form and perfection remaining. I do not know but that my respect for the character of this master has somewhat tinged my admiration for his works, but I trust not. He belonged to that circle of congenial spirits who spent many years at Rome, with Niebuhr as its head, and with Cornelius, Tieck, Bunsen, and Kaulbach as its chief ornaments. With such men pursuing knowledge and art with the high aims of theirs, life is a sacred thing, and Overbeck, with all those whom I have named, is now most deeply honored wherever the German language is spoken.

I was deeply impressed with a picture of this master in this rich St. Mary's Church, representing the entombment of Jesus. Judging this picture by the rules of art, it would be pronounced nearly perfect, and even the coloring is not so glaringly bright as is the manner of Overbeck; the foreshortening is exquisite, the perspective faultless, the execution delicate and finished; but, higher than this, there was so much sweetness and strength and nature in the face of Jesus, that one quite overlooked the fact that the painter has given him red hair. The group around, including Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, Mary the mother, and the Magdalene, Lazarus and his sister Mary, seem lost in wonder more than in grief, as if so glorious a history of providential interpositions would speedily resolve their sad-

ness, and bring their friend to life again. The deep thought of Lazarus and Joseph, the abstractedness of Nicodemus, and the intense grief of Mary Magdalene (whom I must needs esteem a secret lover of Jesus, holding him in her heart as no other did), — all these faces I shall not forget.

In another part of this same rare church I saw a Dance of Death, painted thirty-five years before the time of Holbein. I suppose many of my readers have read an admirable article which came out in the *Atlantic Monthly* about a year and a half ago on these strange pictures, and their rise and meaning and effect; and though I had seen the one at Erfurt, in the old convent of Luther's, years before reading that able article in the *Atlantic*, yet it has been with more interest than ever that I have looked at this one, which was painted before the time of that master whose fame is inseparably connected with the Dance of Death. In this series of pictures it is a veritable dance; and the skeleton holds all in his grasp, they standing sad and still, while he is alive with glee. A row of men of all degrees stand in the gallery of the Dance of Death; the Pope is at the head, the Emperor comes next, then the king, and so down, through all degrees, to the infant in the cradle; all linked in a common dance, led by the skeletons, which stand each between two, and hold the hand or else pluck the garment of all. Beneath the child in the cradle are two curious lines in the old or Platt dialect, which I will render thus: —

“ This strange thing I canna understand :
I must dance, and yet I canna gang.”

There were many other things which interested me in this fine church of Lubeck, but I must not linger upon them lest my letter be tedious.

After dinner we visited the ship-owner's house, where we saw the finest specimens of carving in wood that I have ever seen. There is most elaborate work to be seen on

the stalls of old English cathedrals, but here, at Lubeck, is one old room, from three to four hundred years old, whose sides are carved with the delicacy of marble. The name of the artist is lost, although his portrait and that of his wife are executed on the walls of the room. What Holbein's wood-engravings are in that province of art, must this wood-carving at Lubeck in its province be. And though the artist did not have oak equal, it seems to me, to the English oak, yet he has wrought scene upon scene with a delicacy and expression rarely given by workers in marble. I cannot tell how much I enjoyed, how we all enjoyed, this excellent work, and wished that Lubeck only lay more in the path of the great travelling public, that this choice work of taste and skill might be more widely enjoyed.

We climbed to the top of the great Cathedral, and cast our glance away over the Baltic, for Lubeck is the first port on the Baltic at which I have yet been, though it lies a few miles from it, on a navigable stream. Strange, is it not, that Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubeck can command the commerce that they do, and yet all be situated on rivers? And Hamburg, the greatest of them all, with its immense shipping, is eighty miles from the mouth of the Elbe. We passed by its dark, strange old Rath-House, or Council-Hall, where the affairs of the whole Hanseatic League used to be conducted, wandered up and down the old town, enjoyed an excellent dinner at its hotel; and I am now writing in the station-house, ready to bid good by to the once greatest city of the Hanseatic Confederacy.

W.

"As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of God." — JACOBI.

DOMENICHINO'S ST. JOHN.

I WELL remember how long years ago
I with my playmates turned the sacred leaves
In search of pictures dear to childhood's eye.
It was an ancient book, and years have passed
Since last I looked upon its hallowed form,
And she who owned and loved it long hath been
Among the dwellers in the world unseen.
Rich was the book in many a pictured page;
Yet none upon my soul has left a trace,
Save one alone, a beautiful Saint John.

And once again I met that beauteous face,
And gazed upon it, till both eye and soul
Retained the image, and I see it still ;—
Those flowing curls, parted on that fair brow
Of almost female loveliness ; those lips
Speaking a soul whose very life was love ;
And more than all, those eyes upraised to heaven,—
Eyes filled with deep devotion, earnest, pure ;
Intense, yet quiet ; rapt, but still sedate.
Well hath the artist caught the look of love,
Of reverent faith, and deep, half-saddened joy,
With which the loved disciple might have viewed
His Master's upward flight, when that small band
Stood gazing into heaven, though the dear form
A cloud had borne away.

Still let me look
On that fair picture in my memory wrought,
Till it shall be among the holy things
That win my soul to purity and heaven.

THE FREE JERUSALEM.

FAITH, her eyes anointed of the Lord, looks with native ease across the most appalling distances in time; regards adverse interests in empires and principalities as little as the eye regards the small dust which floats in air without obstructing vision; and, taking never into the account those slow evolutions, stern conflicts, and ebb-tides of hope which must of necessity intervene, sees, from amid that which is, that which is to come. Neither is she self-deceived, nor does she delude her followers. She knows God. She apprehends the principles of His ever-increasing and resistless sway;—and, sure that the kingdom of God is the ultimate future, lays hold upon the “powers of the world to come,” and walks conversant with the characteristics of humanity in the distant, but coming, brightness of its perfect day.

To such far-piercing vision we remember that they were quickened who first walked in newness of life with the Light of the World. At a single glance the apostolic eye discerned in what, when triumphant, the Gospel would result. Upon this, as upon an unfading glory, it delighted constantly to rest. Already did the conversation of the disciples seem, even to themselves, less in earth than heaven. Already, whether at Patmos, sleeping in the midst of the calm *Ægean*, or lashed by the fury of its storm-chased waves;—whether at Rome, tumultuous with its world-wide traffic, and black in its abominable corruptness;—whether at Athens, encountering Epicureans and Stoics; or at Jerusalem, whose streets echoed to the hated tramp of Cæsar’s victorious legions;—already, in the midst of whatever present evil, are they come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. As others walked once about the olden Zion, so walk they now about this better mount, telling the glorious excellences thereof. It is a city perfect in the Gospel of the Son of God;—a city

typical of the great humanity when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ. An unprecedented city, towards the realization of which all the earth is to be uplifted by the powerfully quickening spirit of its last Adam, its second man, the Lord from heaven. Such a city apostolic pens sketched in clear outlines for us,—for us, that we, who also have faith in the Lord Jesus, may strive together, as zealous workmen, to build its towers and battlements;—a pure city, from whose streets all defilement is outcast,—into which nothing that worketh abomination can in anywise enter;—a truthful city, permitting nothing that maketh a lie;—a city enlightened by the glory of God, and a free city. “The Jerusalem which is above is free.”

Upon this aspect of freedom, for sufficiently obvious reasons, we desire our readers to look. The heavenly Jerusalem,—the Christianized world,—humanity in that Divine ideal towards which it is ever divinely led,—is free.

Two things it will be profitable for us to consider:—1st. What confirmation the Apostles had of this final freedom;—and 2d. What additional confirmation we have at the present day.

They had the precepts of the Master. They believed that the principles which vitalized these precepts would ultimately become the practical law of men. If they discussed, as doubtless they did, in private conversations, or in the still greater secrecy of their speculative hours, the modifications which Christ's doctrines, once accepted, must bring to the conditions of human society, they must have seen how the truth would set men free, not from one kind of bondage only, but from all kinds. With the practical prevalence of the golden rule, there could be no deprivation of liberty. They had also the Master's example, breaking through and refuting the old idea of an aristocracy of race, out of which so much injustice and bondage has grown. They had seen him, though a Jew, conversing freely with the woman

of Samaria. They had seen his sympathy for the Roman centurion in the cure of his daughter. They had seen him at meat with publicans and sinners. They had noticed in him such manifest disregard of ordinary distinctions, as between race and race, as between the honored and the despised, as between conventional aristocracies, whether of power, wealth, culture, or religions, they had learned that in Christ Jesus there is no difference between Jew and Greek, Roman and Barbarian, that all the members of the human race, the great earthly family of God, have a claim upon a common fraternal sympathy, no less than upon the common love of the High and Holy One. A perfectly Christian humanity will not be like the Jerusalem around them, "in bondage with her children," but free. "The Jerusalem which is above is free." Some, as Peter, had been confirmed in this equality of the race by especial struggles with ingrained prejudice. But one interpretation was possible for the vision, typical of all sorts and conditions of men: "Call no man common or unclean."

In fact, there was no influence of the new religion which was not to tell for human equality, and so for universal freedom. If it ever practically prevailed, the oppressed would all go free. That, however, was the problem. Would such principles as Jesus inculcated ever become the practical laws of men? Was it probable? Certainly, to the eye of outward observation, nothing was ever more wildly improbable. No idea, in the time of Tiberius, when Rome, eagle-eyed, glared despotically upon all the world, could have opposed itself more directly to the signs and spirit of the epoch. To hope, then, that men would come to treat others as they would themselves be treated, that the chain of tyranny would one day be broken in every link, that the rights of the lordliest would be the rights of the most abject, was to hope to see the world turned upside down, and human society built anew. Yet it was hoped. Under perhaps the most perfect and absolute despotism history re-

cords, a few men, by virtue of Christ formed within them, ventured to hope for such an earthly day; confirmed continually by this, "the foolishness of God is wiser than man's wisdom, and the weakness of God stronger than man's strength."

Long centuries have now gone by. We know their hope, and the question arises, with great interest for us, whether, since they fell asleep, all things remain as they were; or whether we who would enter into a like hope can do so with some additional confirmation. We certainly stand far enough down the Christian ages to take the observation.

By those who kindle to no enthusiasm at the prospect of a free humanity, who by some interest or other are enlisted in a narrower hope, it is not unfrequently asserted that the race springs toward freedom, and then recoils; that history swings like a pendulum between tyranny and anarchy. Like Mr. Carlyle, they raise a contemptuous laugh at our democratic dreams, and at our efforts at their realization. "No ancient republic was ever a success," passes for an ominous truism. There were of old, it is said, free peoples who tried, but always to their sorrow, this doctrine of the equality of men. They invariably sought shelter under some safer and more limited sway.

But a closer look at history shows all here predicated upon ancient republics to be worthless. In reality there were no ancient republics, democracies, or purely free peoples. True, at Athens all citizens took part in the public affairs. But how many were her citizens? Three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants gave life and prosperity to her renowned streets. Of these only twenty thousand could boast that they were citizens. Three hundred and thirty thousand were slaves,—free only to do the will of the twenty thousand. Athens did not even approximate to either the Christian's hope, or the Christian's conception of a free people. The common likeness of men, the common birth-right of each to freedom, the practicability of giving to

each of her three hundred and thirty thousands equal civil privileges, or even the right to themselves, seems never to have entered her councils. She was purely an aristocracy. So was what we know as the "republic of Rome." Her patricians would have listened to anything with more patience than to the suggestion that the plebeians should share their rights. So with all that we call the republics of old. If anything is proven by their experiments and failures, it is against an aristocratic form of government, wherein only the minority have rights and culture, while the majority are left to native ignorance, and debased to a lower than native brutality; — against the perpetuity of governments part free-men, and a larger part slaves, rather than against democracies, governments wherein all people are recognized as equal in civil rights, in their claims upon human sympathy and helpfulness, and all are free as in the Christian ideal, — the Jerusalem which is above, — for the realization of which we all would hope.

Long time indeed elapsed, after Christ and his apostles, before the germs of civil freedom, if Christianity really held any, began to give signs of life, — before the small leaven began to affect the great humanity. Eight or ten centuries passed by, with their oppressed generations showing scarcely a glimmer of liberty; the people having no rights at all, scarcely dreaming of rights indeed, but gladly yielding themselves as most abject slaves to any noble strong enough to protect them; — while, in these same centuries, the Church of Christ had planted her glittering cross in nearly half the world! But where her promised freedom? Where her help for the poor and lowly? Darker than ever the night of despotism descends. The heel of tyranny plants itself more brutally upon the people's neck. A few lines from our popular historian gives the spirit of the age. "The sword is the only symbol of law, the cross itself a weapon of offence, the bishop a consecrated pirate, every petty baron a burglar; while the people, alternately the prey of duke, prel-

ate, and seignior, shorn and butchered like sheep, esteem it happiness to sell themselves into slavery, or to huddle themselves beneath the castle walls of some little potentate for the sake of his wolfish protection." Here, in abodes of squalor, ignorance, and misery, with the very instincts of freedom crushed out of them, they lived their dull and wretched day.

Was it written concerning liberty, "It is not quickened except it die?" Assuredly in the eighth and ninth centuries it is dead. But, while despots sealed its sepulchre, invisible angels were girding themselves to roll the stone calmly away. In the night of its death busy hands were religiously transcribing from parchment to parchment the life-giving words of the Crucified; and zealous messengers were hastening to bear their illuminated manuscripts into all the then known world. Every imperial conquest, whether in Britain or in Asia, in the Netherlands or in Africa, carried so much of Christianity as is outward and visible, and fixed it in the land, — not heeding how it is also written, "After that which is natural cometh that which is spiritual." Beneath the cover of darkness, in those ages so dense, while men slept, secret ministries of God, fulfilling his behests, were laying those necessary foundations, broad and deep, upon which alone could arise so sublime and continuing a city as the Apostles had foretold. The grain of mustard-seed, before lifting its branches into the greatest of all herbs, was silently sending its rootlets deep into the firm and essential earth.

This, eight or nine hundred years ago. He who then traversed Europe would have seen its soil, and the most of its inhabitants, owned by a few feudal lords. Here and there, upon a slightly eminence, rose a strong walled tower, looking down upon hamlets of an hundred or a ten hundred families, whose fortunes, movements, privileges, and even life and death, were in the hands of the castle's chief. In the midst of this kind of life he would also have seen

the Christian Church ; and have heard, even then and there, emanating from it words which should have made feudalism tremble : " As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The Christian priest taught this to the inhabitants of the hamlet. Nor did he omit to enforce it upon the occupants of the castles. The Church, through her Bible, and through her clergy, taught, not simply that the highest human life, but that which is vastly greater, and inclusive of this,—that the very divinest life, the life of Christ, of God himself, is possible for every humblest soul. Before God, she said, the serf stands upon an equality with his chief. Was not this, if thought should awake, a dangerous utterance ? Are the people to understand that prince and peasant are fictitious terms, artificial distinctions ?—that these men behind thick castle walls have no Divine favors superior to their own ?—that God looks upon all as equally his children, and loves all alike, and desires for each equal happiness ? This certainly is what the Church gave all men to understand, though the glad tidings seemed too good for an actual truth, and all were slow to apprehend. And she even further taught, that possibly the hour of death would reverse these temporal and false estimates, placing some humble peasant in Abraham's bosom, but filling the more sumptuous chieftain with spiritual unrest.

The Church was also practically consistent with her own preaching. She made up the number of her consecrated priests from baronial families and the ranks of serfdom alike. Within her walls outward social distinctions vanished. The peasant, now become a ministering priest at the altar of God, might take his seat daily in the midst of nobles, and not unfrequently sat above the head of kings. Christianity recognized, to the extent possible for her in that age, the social equality of men. She broke through artificial distinctions, and looked upon men as we know that God looks upon us all, not for our poverty or our riches,

not for the titles we may have inherited or the blood that flows in our veins,—not for any of these accidents of our condition,—but for our immortal and godlike capacities, by virtue of which the very meekness and poverty of earth may one day inherit the divinest powers of heaven.

The spirit of Him who befriended the poor and needy—who had only helpfulness, and never indifference or contempt, for the debased and degraded among men—lived amid the baser life of the feudal ages. A little living leaven in a mighty measure of meal! By no means was this Christian Church conscious of what it did. Had it been, it probably would not have wrought so well. It attempted nothing but the presentation of Christ. Beyond this it had no design, nor any realization of its own power. And the world was equally unwitting. But God knew. And to-day we know,—know that ideas of social and political equality entered the ranks of the people, and penetrated to the councils of states, through her teaching,—that modern society owes its democratic ideas, first of all, to the religion of Jesus, to the Church of such as strove to become practically his disciples. To-day we are permitted to see how the simple words of the Lord Jesus—the little leaven—have upheaved the centuries heavy with oppressions, overthrowing thrones and tyrannies, revolutionizing peoples, sweeping injustice after injustice from the face of the earth, until hope now springs universal, that, from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, oppression shall be ended, and the race be free. No longer is it the dream of a few apostles, but the expectation of the civilized world. Thus mightily has the tide of divine truth arisen! so powerfully does the spirit of the Master prevail! Those who least desire such a result admit, and tremble before, the unmistakable tendency.

It is most remarkable, how, when the Church had once been planted in the kingdoms of the world, the tide of things without began to abet the tendency of her spirit

within. All things wrought together for the good kingdom of Christ. The feudal chieftains marched forth in glittering pomp from their stately halls, roused by Peter the Hermit, for the grand Crusades. They marched forth, many of them never to return. In these and other wars the lords of the land were decimated. Their possessions were divided. For one castle and one chieftaincy arose two or four. Things began to tend toward a level. There were more peers, — more men demanding equal rights. Then mechanical progress came, lending its aid. Inventions and enterprises began to show the worth of individual men. The art of printing not only called for intelligent workmen, but gradually opened the same resources, and gave similar stimulants to different classes of society. The invention of gunpowder and fire-arms made a peasant equal a prince upon the field of battle. The establishment of post-routes brought public intelligence to every door, and caused people to live in some broader interests than those of their own neighborhood. Every step taken by commerce, by the mechanic arts, by the advance of literature, made people, high and low, more mutually dependent, lessened the distance between man and man, and gave a practical hint at the Christian doctrine of the native worth of all sorts and conditions of men. And, to crown all, the great light of the Reformation burst forth, proclaiming that each man is alike capable of finding his own way to heaven.

No one, I think, who at all believes in a Divine Providence, shaping human destinies, and overruling human ignorance, can consider the history of Europe between the dawn succeeding the Dark Ages and the peopling of this New World without being profoundly impressed by this evident fact, — that, during those centuries, the life of God within the Church, and the external providence of God which had no apparent connection with the Church, both tended to make men more considerate of each other's interests, to bring them somewhat toward the divine standard

of doing unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

That feudal despotism which just now was planted so strongly upon the soil of Europe began to change its aspects. As giant mountains, which in one epoch carry their strong outlines boldly up into the very face of heaven, are seen in a later age to have been disintegrated and carried into the midst of the sea by gentle rains and silent frosts, with only at rare intervals an earthquake's shock, — so passed from its high places the feudal nobility. At one time we look, and say its removal is impossible. The interest of all earth's strongest is against it. Again we look. God has spoken, it is done! Divine decrees are regardless of all save the highest and broadest human interests. "With God all things are possible."

Still the work went on. Year after year the general drift became more unmistakable. Waves of democratic sentiment surged higher and higher, beating vehemently against despotic houses until they fell. The voice of the people was heard above the voice of kings. Down it came, this tide of freedom, slowly but triumphantly, through peace and through war, through years of light and luxury, through times of blight and great tribulation, with the majestic movement of Providence omnipotent. At length God lifted the gates of this Western World, and here most gloriously it entered in. Here the inalienable rights of every man were flaunted from ten thousand banners, and life, liberty, and independence became the burden of every breeze. Nor beyond the flood whence our fathers came has the tendency ever ceased. Always, as to-day, the tide of popular sovereignty has been continually rising. Though resisted and made a tide of blood, it has not been stayed. England is monarchical but in name. France is but an imperial republic. Russia strives to emancipate her serfs. Italy travails for freedom. That great tyranny, the Papacy, flees from the populace for its life. Everywhere,

despite the most amazing obstacles, this equalizing and freeing of the people, this overthrow of self-constituted and unjust rule, goes forward. Whose hand shall arrest it? What joining of hand in hand is presumptuous enough to bid it stay? What hope so vain as the belief that, having gone thus far, it will, at the bidding of some special interest, go no farther?

When I contemplate a movement so sublime as this,—a sentiment not sectional, nor indeed national, but Christian and universal,—when I survey so faint a hope waxing daily toward so vast and full a consummation, the weakness of apostles already so largely the strength of the world,—when I behold this unequalled movement, dating back so far, coming forward so majestically, stretching so broadly out, annihilating the system of feudalism, vanquishing kings and emperors, modifying the governments of the whole civilized world,—I know that it is His doing who will not be resisted! Then I know that to hope or to labor against it is to rebel against God. Then I know that I should pray for those who appeal to the sword to resist it, as my Lord prayed upon his cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

As surely as Christ, the Redeemer, liveth; as surely as all power in heaven and earth has been committed unto him whose Gospel we all receive; as surely as we can see toward what all the struggles of the last ten centuries, however long and complicated, and all the victories of the same period, however partial and unsatisfactory, have tended,—so surely ought we to understand this resistless drift of Divine Providence; so surely ought we to see and know that, with the kingdom of God and its righteousness, freedom is destined to cover the earth as the waters cover the deep places of the sea. It has been, it is to-day, and it will ever be, that they who oppose themselves to a perfectly free humanity war not simply with flesh and blood, but madly defy the fixed purpose and equal mercy of the Infinite Love.

Christianity began by proclaiming that all men are equal in the sight of God. Christianity will celebrate the day of her consummation by declaring that all men are equal in the sight of their brethren and civil law,—that individual freedom, like individual responsibility, is universal,—that the golden rule has become the practical law of earth,—that Jerusalem, the bride of God, is free. May the Lord hasten it in his time!

S. F.

HIGHER!

UPWARD, my Father, upward higher draw me,
 Till I shall breathe as 't were 'twixt earth and sky;
 Till I am fitter to approach thy presence
 Within those holy realms thine own on high!
 Let all earth's follies and its strong desires
 Fall from my yet too eager-grasping hand;
 Only its blessings and its God-wrought treasures
 Dwell in my memory in that Better Land.

All the endeared ones who still cling so fondly,
 Winning me tenderly to the Fount of love,
 There may I meet them who to earth give beauty,
 All yearnings satisfied with thee above.
 What peace! — what joy! — what rapture there transcending
 The highest ecstasy we comprehend! —
 Vast, limitless, profound, and never ending, —
 “Fulness of joy!” — and yet *without an end!*

O what am I? — aspiring, fragile creature,
 From self-upbraidings to be ever free!
 To fold my pinions in a home of glories
 Throughout an endless, calm eternity!
 I may; yes, verily, Thy Word declares it,
 We *all* may press within the golden gate!
 Then be thou still, my earnest soul! — be patient,
 For thou must learn “to labor and to wait!”

H. N. L.

RECENT LIVES OF CHRIST.*

WHY are our "Lives of Christ" so exceedingly uninteresting? Is it not the fact that they are uninteresting,—that we have not one which attracts and instructs the readers of our day as Jeremy Taylor's *Life of Christ* attracted and interested our fathers and mothers? The only book with this title that we have ever read to the end is the work of Mr. Furness, which, radically defective as it seems to us in its conception of the Saviour, is yet animated by a true Christian spirit, and presents the human side of the Lord's life with singular power of analysis, and with genuine artistic skill. Taylor, as we have intimated, hardly belongs to our generation,—scarcely speaks to our condition. Of Hase we have already spoken in this journal, and, as some of our readers will remember, we do not like his treatise. It seems to us wretchedly inadequate. Neander, if the truth must be told, is always exceedingly hard reading, whether in German or in English. We have tried in both languages, and have come to the conclusion that life is not long enough to justify a further reading of his works, save as we gladly refer to them for facts, and the history of opinion. Ellicott does not profess to give us anything more than "Lectures" upon the great Divine Life; but we are sure that, if he had styled his book a *Life*, it would not have been any more interesting. The *Notes* to the volume are exceedingly full and pertinent, and give great value to the production, especially as the larger portion of them are within the reach of the English reader, and can be made use of by teachers in our Sunday schools, and by all who wish to study the Gospels; but the text is really almost puerile, and proceeds

* Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, being the Hulsean Lectures for the Year 1859. With Notes, Critical, Historical, and Explanatory, by C. J. ELLICOTT, B. D., Professor of Divinity, King's College, London, &c., &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1862.

upon the false and injurious assumption, that students who have found difficulties in receiving here and there a portion of the New Testament have wickedly and designedly made the most of objections, and are animated by an evil spirit. This temper is formally disclaimed in the Preface, but it is manifested in the book, and men whose honest questions may fairly claim a thoughtful and patient and fair consideration, are encountered with an "O my hearers!" The text above and the notes below are in the most violent contrast; — how a man can possibly have learned so much and know so little is indeed a mystery; we doubt whether such a phenomenon could be brought into the light anywhere save in England. The learning of the book, as we say, is to the purpose and valuable; the rest is tedious, one of those "goodish" productions which persons who read pious works by way of sacrifice might find very useful, — a lecture at a time would be ample, — but we are confident that it will inspire no believer, and relieve no inquirer. A "Life of Christ" for our day is yet to be written by a man of religious genius like Taylor, and yet not without the light which the studies of a more recent age have thrown upon the sacred page, a light which no man who has the witness unto the Incarnate Word in himself need fear, or fretfully exclude, or wrangle about. Through all the varieties and even oppositions of detail in those wondrous stories of the Christ which the holy Evangelists have written, under the guidance and with the help of their Lord's spirit, we discern the same unspeakable glory. Why not recognize first of all, and thankfully feed upon, this reality? Does any one find the sun any less real because the things which are seen by it do not wear for all eyes the same look? Is light unreal now that it has been analyzed? "The Life of Christ" will never be written by those who begin from the outside. We must begin from within. A large part of the difficulty to which we allude comes from the transcendent worth and beauty of the Gospels from which we must draw the materi-

als of our "Lives." Read them if you question the old belief that the Spirit of God breathes through them, as through no other writings. They may be in the letter fragmentary, and scarcely to be harmonized, but what fragments! how abundantly they witness for and illustrate the Life of lives! When we turn from them to our connected narratives, we leave sacred for common ground, we come into the weaknesses of paraphrase, we substitute diluted phraseology for words which are spirit and life, and we find at last that two or three sentences of Holy Writ are worth all the details of the Life-writer. And so we say finally, that the Gospels stand alone, and always will, and that we still lack even a tolerable approximation to a true "Life of the Saviour." Happily, what is not yet written upon the page with ink is written upon countless redeemed and glad hearts by the finger of the Living God.

E.

 FAREWELLS.

THOU 'ST entered into glorious rest,
 The angels whispered "Come";
 Oped — oped for thee the golden gate
 Of thy celestial home,
 Where waves the tree of life, where suns
 Gleam with unsetting ray; —
 From the deep gloom of night ye've passed
 To heaven's resplendent day.

The strife, the toil, the weariness
 Of life to thee is o'er;
 Fountains of bliss without alloy
 Gush on that radiant shore.
 And they are there, the beautiful,
 Mowed down as sweet spring-flowers;
 They are there beside the jasper sea, —
 There in those heavenly bowers.

Sunshine and storm were thine below, —
Sunshine and storm are o'er ;
Peace, peace, " My peace," the Saviour says,
" And joy forevermore ; —
Radiance, and bliss, and starry crowns,
To my chosen ones I give ;
The fire-baptism sealed, — O sealed,
Now in my bright courts live."

To thee is open vision ; — gleams
Of rich light pierce earth's gloom ;
The crypt, and the dark cypress shade,
Are sweet with summer bloom.
Veiled, veiled to us, yet seraphs strung
Their golden harps around,
As, one by one, each fair young child
Slept 'neath the emerald mound.

Round thee their clasping arms are twined,
Gleam with soft light their eyes,
As now with song they welcome thee
To heaven's clear, sapphire skies :
O, thou didst lift their earliest glance
To those unchanging bowers ;
With chrism sealed each stainless brow,
In childhood's joyous hours.

O, as the cloud of witnesses
Tinged with soft hues shines down,
May we rich treasures garner hence, —
Strive for Christ's fadeless crown :
On in their shining track, who now
Heaven's heights in glory climb :
Our prayer, in joy or shrouding gloom,
Father, no will but thine !

* * *

THE LITTLE CUP.

A TRUE STORY.

MANY, many years since, on the banks of a little stream in Africa, lived a family consisting of a mother and her two children, a girl and a boy. Kind and affectionate, their few daily wants easily supplied by the fruits which grew so luxuriantly around, these children knew not care nor sorrow. When the low-muttering thunder told of the approaching storm, or the troubled waters of the earthquake which would so soon follow, the little girl, seizing her brother's hand, would hasten to the cabin, feeling that a *mother's* love and presence would comfort and protect them; for she knew not that there was a God of Love watching over her. She had been taught to bow before *idol*-images and worship them; and as she looked at the sky, the flowers, the trees, the beautiful little stream flowing so gently between its banks of verdure, she would clap her hands in delight, and thank these gods for their kindness to her.

Happy in the gentle love of her mother and little brother, she passed the first *eight* years of her life. Often running by her mother's side, accompanied by her little brother, she sought the stream, whose cool and refreshing waters were so essential in that warm clime. Usually she carried in her hand a little *cup* of polished wood, which she would fill and refill at the stream, — sometimes giving her little brother a draught of the cool water, — again, with a merry laugh, tossing the contents upon the stones, delighted to see the water trickle down from them into the stream.

One day she was thus amusing herself and little brother, — the mother watching them at a distance and rejoicing in their free and simple happiness, their merry voices being the only sounds on the quiet air, — when stealthy footsteps were heard approaching. The mother started, and a cold sensation of horror ran through her frame. She had heard of

people, fair and beautiful, living in a far-distant land, who employed some of her own country people to STEAL — yes, to *steal* — parents and children from their native homes, and to carry them far, far away as SLAVES, never to return. And now could it be that they were indeed here! She called loudly to her children to flee, and sought to save them; but before she could reach them, they were seized by ruthless hands, and, regardless of their cries, hurried away, never more to be seen by her.

Placed in a boat, the children were rowed to a vessel at anchor, which soon set sail for America. They were not alone in their captivity and sorrow, for hundreds of other children and parents were assembled in the hold of that vessel, where the confined air, the want of wholesome food and fresh water, soon caused the greatest sufferings, and many of them died.

Yet, amidst all the horrors of that passage, the little girl retained *one* token from her loved home. When seized by her captors, she had in her hand the little *cup*, with which she was playing at the stream. In this she daily treasured up her own scanty supply of water, so as to be able to moisten the parched and fevered lips of her darling little brother. He moaned sadly for the fresh air, and clear, sparkling stream; and though she watched over him so tenderly, yet the morning came when he no longer could return the pressure of her hand, nor gaze so lovingly and earnestly in her eyes. She still clung to that lifeless form in an agony of love; but when he was rudely taken from her, and thrown unconfined into the ocean, she felt that she was indeed *alone*, — separated as she thought forever from her brother and mother.

Did not the agonizing cries of that little child of eight years ascend to Him who “took little children in his arms and blessed them”? Will such cruelty forever go unpunished, or will not a fearful retribution come upon that nation which has so long permitted such evils?

Weeks of misery and horror were passed on board that ship, when the cry of "Land ahead!" was heard. Any change, whatever it might be, brought with it to those sad captives hopes of alleviation from their sufferings; the sight of the glorious sun and stars, and the breathing of the fresh air, would bring at least a sensation of freedom.

The vessel sailed up that noble harbor in New England, whose waters are *never* ice-bound, but sparkle and are as free under December's wintry cold as July's piercing sun. It was about the year 1718, and at that period the consciences of even the descendants of the Puritans had not awakened to the wrongs and evils of *slavery*. That cargo of *human* flesh and blood was landed. Now came a second separation, for in her misery on shipboard the little girl had clung to those companions who had shared it with her. One after another was hurried away to his new home, none daring to think of the fate that might await him.

The little girl was purchased by Mr. Carter, a native of Portsmouth, and from him she received the name of Lucy. Mr. Carter lived in a large, two-storied dwelling in Pitts Street, surrounded by a fine garden. By his marriage he had become brother-in-law to Mr. Knight, who owned the ferry-way across the river. His principal business was in the fishing line, he owning several fishing-schooners, and transacting much business with the Isles-of-Shoals-men, who were then quite a flourishing community. During his constant intercourse for many years at these islands, he became acquainted with Rev. Mr. Tucke, the first settled pastor of the place, who was ordained in July, 1732. Knowing that Mr. Tucke needed a domestic in his family, Mr. Carter made arrangements for Lucy, now about twenty years of age, to live with him; and soon she was established in her new home on the "sea-girt isle." The good parson and his wife were true friends to the lonely slave girl, teaching her not only necessary household duties, but also those things which would conduce to her eternal happiness.

Here Lucy passed many happy years; "happy," she would say, "because she here learned of a Saviour's love, of a Heavenly Father's forgiveness, and of a home beyond the grave, where no separation of friends would take place." Ever thankful for such kind friends, who treated her as a sister, she performed faithfully each duty, and became very much attached to the three little children of her kind "Massa."

During the long winter evenings, the room was lighted by a lamp, suspended by a chain in a corner, and here Lucy might always be found repairing garments for the family, thus eking out the pastor's small salary by her own habits of economy; often "stringing" her needle, as she would say, until the midnight hours.

When Lucy left Mr. Carter's family, she took with her the *little cup*, sole memento of her childhood's home; and to the good parson's children she would often repeat the simple but affecting memories it recalled.

In the afternoon of the 18th of November, 1755, Lucy went to the well to draw water, but observed an unusual agitation of the water, although the sky was clear and a solemn stillness pervaded all nature. She called the attention of the family to the fact, saying, "Massa, if I was in my own country, I should say there would soon be an earthquake, for there the waters always look like this before a shock." The memory of her childhood did not deceive her, for just after midnight the "Isles" rocked, and many chimneys were thrown down; and the remembrance of "The Great Earthquake," which was felt throughout all New England, was told in after times to many a wonder-listening child.

The next year found Lucy in feebleness and suffering, awaiting the final summons to that home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Just before her death, she gave to Mrs. Randale, the good parson's sister, the *little cup* which she had so long treasured up as a memento of her childhood's home.

Mr. Tucke always administered to the physical as well as to the spiritual needs of his little flock ; and the " loved physician " now stood by the bed-side of his faithful Lucy, seeking to alleviate her bodily sufferings and to guide her trusting spirit to Him who alone could walk with her through the " dark valley."

" By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another." The deeds of kindness and self-sacrifice which so endeared the good parson to his flock showed him indeed to be one of the Saviour's disciples.

* * * * *

In 1775, the year the Revolution commenced, these Isles-of-Shoals were much exposed to attacks by the British fleets, so that many of the inhabitants left their homes, taking refuge with friends on the neighboring shore. Among these refugees was Mrs. Randale, whose kind brother and wife were now no longer living ; she went to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Marden, who then resided at Hampton, but soon after removed to Portsmouth, occupying a house directly behind that of Mr. Carter's.

Several little grandchildren shared the love of the kind old lady ; but little " Nabby " seemed to draw nearest to her heart. The bright, happy little girl would quietly seat herself in the old chimney-corner beside her grandmother, listening to the tales of that home of the " Isles," while the old lady's fingers were ever busily occupied with her knitting, thus even in old age setting an example of unwearied industry. Then the old lady would open a little box containing a few treasures of the past, and, taking from it Lucy's *little cup*, often and often she would repeat its history to her darling grandchild, whose eyes, dimmed with tears, would show the heart beating in sympathy with the sorrows of the little slave-girl.

But a day of parting came, and from her dying grandmother little Nabby, then ten years of age, received the little cup as a last gift and memento ; and then "*the best of all grandmothers*" "passed on" to inherit the promises.

The mantle of her Christian spirit seemed to fall upon that beloved grandchild ; and when, some fifty years afterwards, *she* was called to the severe trial, not only of poverty but of intense bodily suffering, she could say, "It is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth to him good." For twelve years she was a helpless invalid, unable to move any limb excepting her hands, and often tried with the most excruciating pains. Yet no murmur escaped her lips, for she felt the "Everlasting Arms" beneath her to support her ; and she had received the blessing promised to those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness." Her humble room seemed not the abode of poverty, for the blessing of the promised Comforter enriched and sanctified it. She could indeed say, "Though my flesh and my heart faileth, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

As I stood by her side, and heard her dying lips utter these words,—"I trust in my Redeemer's promise, that *whosoever* cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out, no, not even the greatest of sinners"; "Peace *He* has given me ; and, oh ! the *world cannot give that* peace,"—I felt that "Death is swallowed up in victory. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

A few months before the death of this Christian sufferer, I received from her hands, as a parting memento, the *little cup*, which in her childhood she had received from her beloved grandmother.

How many are the associations connected with its history !

"BETTER ride an ass that carries us, than a horse that throws us."

"What ripens fast does not last ; or, soon ripe, soon rotten."

THE IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY, THE HOPE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

1 COR. XV. 49: — "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

PROGRESS is the law of natural creation, of human history, of the Church of Christ. First that which is in part, then that which is perfect; first the grain, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear. Between the small beginning and the great and glorious end there shall be cycles, ages, generations, years, the days of God and the days of man. For illustrations of this law, compare the earth, or rather the successive earths which the geologist will tell you of, with the earth you are living on to-day; compare the monumental remains of Nineveh and Egypt with the churches and palaces of Christendom; compare Gentile Europe with Christian Europe; compare the best and most Christian community you can find with the new heavens and the new earth of which St. John writes in the Apocalypse. Step by step the loving wisdom or word of God comes forth into the light of life, the life of nature, of humanity, of souls renewed and redeemed by Jesus Christ, manifesting in time what is from everlasting or ever the world was. And whilst the geologic strata, the mounds of Mesopotamia, the temples and pyramids of Egypt, the parchment pages and paper leaves inscribed with the stories of nations Gentile and Christian, all teach the lesson of progress, the Gospel points us to the Life out of which it comes, — shows us Him who is the Head, in whom all things consist, and repeats to man as a brave and glad prophecy, and enjoins upon man as a solemn duty, the law of growth.

Hopefully, as always, this great preacher to the Gentiles sets forth his saving truth. He says there are two men, — the first of the earth, earthy, the second the Lord from

heaven ; that the natural comes first, then the spiritual ; that the life which first manifests itself is material, or merely intellectual, but is followed by a higher life, which is moral and spiritual ; that as we share the lower life, so we share the higher ; that as we are the natural children of Adam, and so inherit from him the natural life, so we are the spiritual children of Christ, and inherit from him the spiritual life ; that as the one hath come forth into the light, so shall the other ; that if we belong to a sinful race in Adam, much more do we belong to a redeemed race in Christ ; that there is, to adopt a modern word, a *solidarity*, a community, a participation, a oneness in heavenly good, as in earthly evil. The unbelieving and despairing say that the sensual, the worldly, the passionate, the covetous, the malicious shall be forever what they are now ; there may be new years, but there shall be the old people, the thing which hath been it is that which shall be, there is and can be no man but the first man, — this second man of whom you speak is to the philosopher an imagination, to the historian a mythical personage. Christ and the Apostles and the believing heart say, Within the human there is ever the Divine, and the life has been manifested, the life of love, — it is our inheritance from the past, one of the things which hath been, one of the things therefore which shall be, sure to increase whilst the earthly is sure to decrease, and those who are neither just, nor gentle, nor devout, but very incomplete now, shall bear the image of the heavenly, being unable any longer to resist the urgency of the Christ, the pleading of the spirit, the inflowing of the river of God.

Week by week and year by year, through the days of Gospel beauty and promise, we read this prophetic word ; — the image of the heavenly is not amongst the uncertainties of the new time ; some there are, more or fewer, in whom the hope shall be fulfilled, — men, women, and children who are now of the earth, earthy, and who shall soon become heavenly ; the better life, the life of Christ, the life of righteous-

ness, love, peace, shall possess their hearts and minds, shall shine in their faces, and speak from their lips, and be wrought out with their hands; they shall be new persons, in sympathy with the Lord from heaven. I repeat the prophecy, because this is one of the ways by which its fulfilment is to be secured,—because we ought to understand what an opportunity our life is to each one of us in these years of Christ.

Look for a moment at the two men, the two images.

1. The first man is of the earth, earthy. Alas! we know him only too well. He is not all earthy, we may hope,—we will believe that none are that; no,—he also is a son of God,—there are some sparks of the Divine fire in every soul, there are some traces of God on every face; but the earthy prevails,—that must give the name. He loves this world, he does not love God. He is selfish, sensual, impatient, scarcely just, not at all loving, a prodigal child of the Everlasting Father, indifferent or averse to the Gospel and its ordinances, a formalist, if anything, in religion. He bears that image. The earthy has created an earthy form. I think we have all seen this process of creation, the heavenly child, for infancy and heaven are very near, becoming less and less beautiful as the years of manhood or womanhood are increased,—passion, pride, envy, covetousness, moulding and coloring the face, telling us just what is in the heart, spite of what the lips may say to the contrary. This image of the earthy becomes sometimes very frightful to look at. You shall see faces which are almost wholly animal, and sometimes the devils seem to have entered and taken possession of the tabernacle from which the angels had fled in dismay. Those faces were made, or rather marred, by the earthy beings whose wretchedness they express. By no will or wit of man can a soul put on any save its own form. It is as impossible as for a fig-tree to bear grapes. There are all degrees of this earthiness, greatly relieved sometimes by the majesty and grace of the intellect, by the light of intelligence, and the lines of thoughtfulness. Earthiness

makes a poor and sad life, weary and unprofitable years. It is unlovely in the home, a grief to parents, a stumbling-block and hindrance to children, worldliness amongst the prosperous, wickedness amongst the tempted, the cause of disaster, decay, overthrow in the state. To earthiness religion is only a perplexity, and the world to come a dream.

2. But, saith the Apostle, this is only the first man. There is a second. He too is a reality, just as much as the other, — nay, more than the other. Ye shall bear the image of the heavenly. Beholding the glory and beauty of the Lord, ye shall be changed into the same image, from glory to glory. You shall experience something like his transfiguration. The process which is to be completed in the celestial world manifestly begins in this world. If the artist can go about here, and gather together men and women who shall be his studies when he would paint unrelieved animalism or fiendishness, so he can find saintly and angelic faces, — faces that would not be out of place even in the nearer presence of the heavenly Lord. The forms that shall people the world of light are a-fashioning here and now. They adorn and beautify the earth before they are translated to the mansions of God, to shine as stars for ever and ever. The image of the heavenly, who can mistake it? — and why do we perplex ourselves so much with the question, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? when we see how, even in this world, Christ fashions his chosen ones into his own glorious likeness, according to that mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself, whether on earth or in the heavens. What a contrast between the face of Howard, and that of the wretched prisoner whom he is seeking to save! Can we mistake a Florence Nightingale for the fashionist who divides her days between frivolity and idleness? can we confound Fénelon and Mirabeau, John and Judas? As man bears upon his face the record of his fall, so you shall trace upon the same face the prophecy of his recovery, of his glorious restoration

to paradise, his reunion with the angels and the blessed. I read the word of promise in the portraits of the Holy Mother and the Divine Child, of evangelists, apostles, and martyrs, of saints and angels, which have been given to our modern world by those who were made great painters quite as much by their faith in Christ as by their love of beauty, and who never had been if he had not been. When the Gospel has had its perfect work, the pictures of the divine masters shall come down from the walls, and be spirit and form, the light of life, real flesh and blood, in your dwellings, your heaven on earth, your Carmel and Moriah, your Nazareth and Bethany, your New Jerusalem, with its gates of pearl and its streets of gold, and its sun which is the everlasting light shining from the face of the Lamb of God. "So also shall we bear the image of the heavenly," not merely by going to heaven, as the phrase is, though that way lies open continually, and it is unspeakable gain, when the time comes, to be found in it, but by following Christ on earth.

Can we propose to ourselves anything better for the year that is before us, than the fulfilment of this prophecy? This is a work which can go on even if God should call us away, as he has called some who were with us on the first Lord's day of the past year, but are with us no longer. It is a prophecy which belongs to two worlds, — whether to one more than to another, it is not easy to say. This is what we ever need; and should the time continue to be a time of special trial, if we have entered upon another year of darkness, we shall need the spirit of the Heavenly Lord before everything else. Have faith in the Gospel miracle, in its power to transmute all that it touches into the fine gold of the sanctuary, to change water into wine, bread into celestial manna, wayward and passionate children into loving and obedient sons and daughters, hard, worldly men and women into self-sacrificing, loyal disciples of Christ. Have faith in the power of the Heavenly Lord to bring tears from the eyes, prayers from the lips, the light of devotion from the face, — to loosen the miser's grasp

upon his gold,—to turn off the eyes of the frivolous from beholding sin and vanity. It is the miracle which hath been wrought ever since Christ lived on earth; and when such wonders shall cease, the time will have come when we ought no more to write the years Christian,—years of the Lord; for it is his life in us which makes our days his, and his days ours. Let us pray that signs and wonders may still be wrought in our world in the name of the holy child Jesus, that he may be the inspiration of childhood and manhood and old age, this year as in past years.

No one who is not wholly thoughtless can worship unmoved in a Christian house of prayer on the first Lord's day of a twelvemonth. If at no other time, surely at this time, the worshipper is encompassed by a cloud of heavenly witnesses, and forms long since vanished from the earth glide along the aisles, and they who bear in all completeness the image of the heavenly are more visible than those who still wear the weeds of our mortality. The soul is distracted between memories and hopes; we hardly know whether of the two is the fairer and more golden, the past or the future. Now, if at no other time, we ponder soberly the mystery of our being, the eternities that meet in our inexplicable life, this flash of consciousness, the deep out of which we came but yesterday, into which we shall return to-morrow. And seeing how much the story of man is a story of surprises, and that the security which he most craves he can least achieve, we ask, perhaps a little anxiously, What next?—Who next? I would meet this mood of thoughtfulness and this eager questioning with the word of promise. Times and seasons and events, the fortunes of men and of nations, the deaths of months and years, are known only to Him who sees and can bear to see the end in the beginning. Precisely what shall befall us and ours we cannot tell; but this we do know, that, if we please, each one of us may bear the image of the heavenly, and that, whether we please or no, sooner or later our world shall bear it, shall become the per-

fection of righteousness and beauty. That is what the future hath in store, for the life of Christ hath been poured into the heart of humanity, and what the Son of God would not receive from the Devil—the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them—the Father is every day putting into his hand, and every other civilization proves to be only a feeble barbarism compared with the civilization of Christendom. Believe in the greatest and in the best,—in Christian hearts, hands, homes, institutions, nations, rivalling the splendid successes of modern science and arts, such as the world has never yet known, and claim each one of you his portion in them! So shall the year be new, happy, blessed!

SALVATION IS OF THE LORD.

THE BOOK OF JONAH, ii. 9.

“SLEEPER, arise, and call upon thy God!”
The master to the sleeping prophet cried,
As to and fro with anxious fear he trod,
And vainly every art for safety tried.
E’en Superstition owns a Higher Power,
And doth upon its gods in trouble call;
When mighty tempests rise, in danger’s hour,
It doth before its idols prostrate fall.
And shall not we, whom Faith’s bright beams illumine,
Who to the One True God our worship pay,
Call on his Name amid the deepening gloom,
Bow at his altars, at his footstool pray?
Christians, arise, and call upon *your* God,
Who o’er the nation lifts his chastening rod!

J. V.

THE SUN OF THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL
UNIVERSE.

THE "Sun of Righteousness" and the "Light of the World" are terms which have often been applied to our Saviour. Writers of hymns and sermons have compared the time before his coming to darkness, the preaching of the prophets to twilight, his advent to the dawn, and the diffusion of his principles and spirit to the progress of a luminary that shall never decline. One of Charles Wesley's most stirring sacred lyrics uses the same imagery to express the relation which Christ sustains to the individual soul. It is the object of the writer of this article to carry out the analogy suggested by Malachi, when he designated the Messiah as the Sun of Righteousness, into those particulars which modern science has discovered with reference to the natural sun.

The sun, in the first place, is the centre of gravitation for our planetary system. Its unseen influences go out across the abyss of space, and are felt alike by the little asteroids and by the great masses of Jupiter and Saturn.

It corrects the individual tendency of each of the planets to move, according to the original impulse, in a straight line, and guides them in beautiful order in their orbits, and thus causes the pleasing variety of the successive seasons, with their attendant blessings. In a similar manner, the Son of man, lifted up on the cross, draws all men to himself. In countries where his Gospel has been proclaimed, the most wicked have been indirectly and unconsciously affected by his influence. In all the generations since his advent, thousands have been held back from transgression by the power of his example, and been guided by his precepts in the spring-time of youth, the fervor of activity, the fading away and decline of earthly hopes, and the winter of old age, when the bonds which connect us with this world seem almost wholly severed, and nothing

is left but the hope of heaven. With the coming of Christ, that day dawned when men began the real work of subduing the earth and improving the spiritual condition of the race. It is by his attraction that his followers are bound into a living, co-operative fellowship. It is by coming into sympathy with him that sects and parties will lose their rancor, and become one with one another, and one with him, as he was one with the Father.

The office of the sun as a giver of light is the one which affords the most obvious analogy to the service which Jesus performed. For, to begin with, just as the same objects exist invisibly in night, or while the sun is in total eclipse, as when its rays fall upon us, so the truths which Jesus revealed were not originated by him. They were the same before as after his advent. But it is by his means that they are clearly discerned. Before his coming, a philosopher here and there caught a glimmering ray of moral truth, just as by starlight we obtain a vague idea of the form of objects; but it was left for Jesus to throw the refulgence of his revelation on the whole system of relations which we sustain to God and one another. Before his time, men in their imaginations peopled the future world with frightful phantoms, and looked forward to it with painful apprehension, just as the fancy of the benighted traveller transforms some innocent bush or rock into a robber or wild beast; but under the light of the Gospel, how all these spectres vanish, and with what cheering ideas are they replaced! Whoever connects grim and terrible shapes with the world to come, and makes it a prison, instead of a house with many mansions, carries into it the darkness of paganism, and not the light of the Gospel of Christ.

What illumination, likewise, did our Saviour shed upon the object of our existence here, showing us the comparative worth of material and spiritual interests; showing us that all things are for man, in order that by them his soul might be developed and cultivated; disclosing to us that it

is not in acquisition either of pecuniary or intellectual wealth, or in the enjoyment of the senses, or in idle, aimless ease, or in the pursuit of any transient, worldly success, that we find the true aim of our being, but in making the most of the talents committed to our charge, and in using them in God's service. He brought to light and made glorious a set of unobtrusive virtues, which Diogenes, searching with his lantern for what is manly, and Plato, with his penetrating insight, never discerned. They were like their floral emblems, the violet and the lily of the valley, too obscure to be seen except by the light of the sun.

Humility, meekness, forgiveness, compassion, penitence, self-sacrifice, qualities that before his coming were despised, became, under the radiance that shone from the cross, the choicest decorations of the Christian's crown. The heathen, groping after God, if haply they might find him, sought the Deity in the forces of nature, and endeavored to represent him by images wrought by their own hands; but Jesus satisfies all our religious cravings, pointing us to one ever-living, omnipresent, all-powerful, all-loving Father. We can now approach with confidence the throne of grace, because we know that one sits upon it who is not arbitrary, or vindictive, or cruel, but who knows our weakness and our temptations, and seeks by his chastisements not to torture, but to purify and reform.

Christ, as the Sun of Righteousness, discloses spiritual truths for our insight, as the natural sun shows the objects about us in their real aspect and relations. But it would be in vain if the solar beams converged merely light. A frozen world, with its vast snow-fields and its glittering pinnacles of ice, might afford a brilliant spectacle to superior spirits, but would not furnish a home for man.

It would not exhibit the vast variety of beauty which the successive seasons bring. We need heat, as well as light, in order to render the world habitable and productive! So

also it is not enough to have the intellect apprehend sacred truths, unless the heart is also warmed with right emotions, unless it glows with gratitude, reverence, adoration, trustfulness, and love. It is useless to have our duty disclosed to us, unless we are inspired with energy for its performance; useless to be aware of the relations which we sustain to God and the future world, unless we exercise filial feelings toward our Maker, and comport ourselves as immortal beings. It is in vain that the light-house sheds its beams on the waters, and points out the right course, if the mariners are so benumbed with cold that they cannot turn the wheel or climb the rigging. Correct ideas are of priceless value only when they are seconded by that zeal and ardor which will practically apply them and make them productive of their legitimate results. Now it is a peculiar characteristic of the Christian religion, that it has this power to kindle our best affections and emotions. It does not come to us merely as a proclamation of truth, or as an enunciation of a system of laws, but as a manifestation of love. It tells us of divine pity, and tenderness, and interest, and forgiveness.

It shows the Father's desire to save us from our own bad passions, and from the abuse of the powers and the blessings which he has bestowed. It exhorts us by the highest considerations to be merciful, charitable, and kind-hearted. Not only so, it presents to us an example which exhibits all these noble qualities. The greater our familiarity with it, the greater our admiration becomes. The more attentively we consider the character of Christ, — the more we meditate upon the motives that actuated him, and the ends that he pursued, and the feelings with which he regarded God and man, and the self-sacrifice which he made, — the more ardent will be our desires to be imbued with his spirit, and to work in his cause. He has affected mankind, not so much by the truths that he uttered, although these have had an incalculable influence, as by the power of his sinless, beneficent, and disinterested life. He has shown us what nobleness it is possible for us

to attain. By walking before us in the hard way of duty, he encourages us to follow in his steps. By the appeal which his example makes to all that is best and noblest within us, he unfolds the highest elements of our nature, as the vernal rays of the sun unfold those fragrant, fruit-producing buds, which the cold of winter had concealed.

It has been discovered within a few years, that, besides the rays of light and heat which the sun emits, it also sends out what are called actinic rays. These are most prevalent in spring, and are favorable for the germination of seeds. They also aid in giving to leaves and blossoms their respective hues, and are the agent in that chemical change by which photographs are produced. In like manner do the influences which proceed from the Gospel of Christ minister to the growth of the soul. The spirit of Christianity has mingled unrecognized with the spirit of the age, as the actinic rays mingle unseen with those of light and heat, and exerts a modifying agency upon the whole civilized world. It affects those who will not acknowledge its claims. It renders states and governments its instruments, and causes them to erect hospitals and asylums and reform-schools, and to make provision for the sick, poor, and friendless. It gives a new hue to literature, and causes the poetry, history, and fiction of modern times to stand in striking contrast to those of the heathen world. It consecrates the fine arts, causes the finest edifices to be those cathedrals built for the glory of God, and renders the oratorios of the Messiah and Creation and the symphonies of Beethoven the choicest music, and makes the most attractive subject of the painter's and sculptor's skill, the Madonna and her Child. It has colored the history of the world, just as the waters of the Mississippi are tinged by those of the rivers that flow into it, or as the grass and leaves and flowers are dyed by the actinic rays of the sun. And as, when we look upon the mirror which the photographer has prepared, it catches our likeness, so, as Paul tells us, "we all, with open face behold-

ing as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." By rendering ourselves susceptible to Christian influences, by seeking to have them produce their designed effect, by looking at the example and words of Jesus in all those trials and temptations which find a counterpart in his life, his image is stamped upon us, and as each branch resembles the whole vine and has all its qualities, so each teachable and humble disciple gains to a certain extent a likeness to his Lord.

The sun ever shines, but the interposition of clouds, or of the moon, or of the earth itself, often obscures its light. It sends its beams upon rocks and deserts and wastes of water, where no vegetable can spring up, and upon which no animal can abide.

The obscurity caused by night and clouds and eclipses is only temporary. But suppose that everlasting darkness had folded her mantle about the earth, and what imagination can depict the horrible consequences! The words of Lord Byron, when he dreamed that the bright sun was extinguished, and the icy earth swung blind and blackening in the moonless air, can barely suggest to us the dreary desolation which would ensue:—

"The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,
A lump of death,—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished! Darkness had no need
Of aid from them. She was the universe."

The results which would happen in the world around us, if darkness should perpetually enshroud the earth, are parallel to those that occur within us, if we suffer material interests and pursuits to eclipse great moral principles and

religious truths. Our spiritual natures become fruitless and lifeless, unless we keep in the light of those great doctrines of the Divine Fatherhood and Providence, and of the soul's immortality, which shine so conspicuously in the Gospel of Christ.

Does not nature in the phenomenon of an eclipse furnish a reply to the question? Why are we not more sensibly affected by the light of the great truths of religion? why are we not animated by its faith and hope and love? why are we not transformed by its renewing agency? How is it that a messenger from God has come to men, and told them of the value of their immortal nature, and showed the true object of life, and they have answered, "O yes! what you say is all very true," and have gone to their farms and their merchandise, just as if no message had been brought? Is it not because we interpose something between the divine light and our souls? Is it not because we are worshipping self instead of God, and seeking our own comfort, gain, or honor, instead of consecrating our affections and our services to him? If we are engrossed in the interests of this world, so that we have no thoughts for higher things, so that we put forth no efforts which have their scope beyond the present life, then our souls are in eclipse, imperceptive of divine truth, unresponsive to God's love, uninfluenced by the regenerating influences that proceed from Christ. Our existence here becomes a failure. We find our emblem in the barren rock and the fruitless tree. We are at best mere laborers in the material world, not growing spiritual forces, by which the kingdom of God is advanced. And let us remember, that as in the darkness the serpent and tiger and every unclean bird and cruel beast come forth to seek their prey, so, when the soul has turned away from God, and interposed some selfish barrier which interrupts free communion with him, the heart becomes a lair of foul and sinful passions, — of envy and revenge and lust and hatred and covetousness, — of all that is abhorrent and base.

It is worthy of notice, that the design of the moon is, not to eclipse, but to reflect the sun's rays. It fulfils its office, not when it intercepts the light, but when it relieves darkness. In a similar way, this world, which so often shuts God and divine things from our apprehension, was intended to reflect the glory of the Deity. It was meant that nature, as well as inspired men, should reveal to us the character and purposes of God, — that it should teach us his majesty, his omnipresence, his power, his wisdom and love. It was meant that the changing seasons, with the blessings which they respectively bring, should remind us of our Father's bounty. The materials provided so abundantly for our use, the minerals, metals, varieties of timber, different kinds of plants, the animals that toil for us, the forces of gravitation and heat, and steam, and chemistry, and electricity, all bear witness to his goodness. So, also, the structure of our bodies, and the constitution of our souls, and the adaptation of the discipline of life to our development, are testimonials of divine skill and benevolence. How shameful is it, then, when these objects hide God from us, instead of revealing him to us! How much is the loveliness of the universe heightened when it becomes a volume in whose starry and floral letters we can read these words: "God loves his children, and cares for them." How imperfectly does our existence accomplish its intention, if this world absorbs our thoughts, just as its dust must at length embrace our bodies, so that our spiritual and corporeal parts are both buried here! How well is it if the world does not exclude the Deity from our sight, but becomes everywhere radiant with his smile, everywhere expressive of his benignity!

Finally, we may derive a lesson from the difference of the action of the sun and moon on the waters of the earth. The moon causes the tidal wave to pass twice a day around the globe. It makes the waters surge and dash against the shores, raising them in some places sixty feet in height. But they go no higher. They fall back to their place, until

they again are subject to lunar attraction. But when the sun shines on the wafers, no visible, noisy commotion takes place, but silently and secretly they steal upward into the air, and are wafted by aerial currents over the continents, where they descend to refresh the thirsty earth, to minister to the welfare of plant and animal, to become an auxiliary to man in the processes of manufacture and trade. So this world, with its science and its culture, its literature and its society, is able to cheer and elevate us for a time; but when we are left to ourselves, we fall back into doubt and dreariness, and become, as before, driven hither and thither by anxieties and conflicts, by the mysteries of Providence, by the warring impulses that dwell in us. But let us place our souls in the sunshine of God's love, and we are drawn upward above the regions of clouds and darkness. Even our sorrows become our joys, and we are borne by the breath of the divine spirit to those fields of usefulness where we can best employ our faculties and serve humanity and God. With no outward show, with no exciting demonstration, the kingdom of heaven is silently formed within us, and the soul rises on the wings of devout aspiration, and trustful faith, and joyful praise, towards her celestial abode.

C. S. L.

LIFE'S TRUE RICHES.

O SPIRIT wealth! what wealth art thou!
How golden are thy treasures now!
How fair they shine for aye!
Bright, though the form with rags be dressed;
Tranquil, though no soft bed of rest
Should ease the sufferer's way.

Sweet wealth of heart — each lonely hour
Is spent with angels, and their power,
All beautiful and pure,
Throws over life a siren charm,
To banish gloom, distress, and harm,
And all things good secure.

Blessed wealth of heart! the throb of pain
With thee is soothed by heavenly strain
Of music, rare and sweet ;
The sigh of languor dies away
Into the holy melody,
As the low pulses beat.

Teach me, O God, this wealth to find !
This gentle, heaven-aspiring mind,
This purity from sin,
This opening of the soul for light,
This gladness, shutting out the night
With radiance from within.

Give, Father, give this wealth of thine,
Whence comes the perfect life divine,
Whence comes the heart's own peace ;
And then, whate'er my outward state,
The soul, serene, on Thee shall wait,
And every suffering cease.

So shall I dwell and *give*, though *poor*, —
So shall I *bless*, and be a *doer*,
Though weak, unsought, unknown, —
Thine unseen light around me shed,
Thy hand of love upon my head,
My *wealth* in *Thee* alone.

* *

RANDOM READINGS.

THE NEW YEAR.

WE offer to our readers its salutations. May we all of us be, if not *better off*, then *better*, before the new months shall have been numbered and finished. Then it will be a year of blessedness, if not of what is called happiness, worthy to be registered as a year of the Lord. A year of the Lord, indeed, all our years must be, now that the Son of God is come; but whether of the Lord loved and obeyed, or of the Lord forgotten and abandoned, rests with us. "Eighteen sixty-one" began amidst great anxieties, which in some respects have been more than realized; but if the day has proved even more trying than we feared, our strength has been ever according to our day. We looked for an inordinate desire for peace upon any terms, and we have found heroism beyond anything that we had dreamed of amidst the clatter of our machinery and the bustle of our commerce. That we shall prove equal to the hour can no longer be doubted. We are embarked upon a voyage which can end only in one way. We mean, if we can be permitted so to restrict and restrain ourselves, to do but one thing at a time. England must wait a little, if she would have a war with us. We must say to her, if she will be so foolish as to complain that the part of a thing is more than the whole of it, quite contrary to what we learned once as an axiom,—We do not propose to fight about that. If you wish to aid a slave-holding oligarchy, you must do so directly. You must make that issue before the eyes of the world. When my house is burning down, and the incendiaries are still at work, my business is first with them. Join them, if you please, and you shall have a share of my wrath; but you cannot draw me aside from the demand of the hour by any harmless arrogance. I will look after that in good time, when I have a roof over my head again. Let us not be turned aside from our great purpose of building up a free state, save in obedience to the most pressing exigency. May our war close before the year shall close, and yet not until all things have been ordered and settled upon the everlasting foundations of justice and love.

As to the aims and methods of our journal, there is nothing to be

set down which needs to be adjusted with what has been heretofore presented to our readers. Our faith is in the perfect life of love, descending evermore in these latter days into the hearts and works of believing men and women; Christ, the first fruits, then they that are Christ's, as from time to time, yea, without ceasing, he takes possession of souls. Homeless, as some judge, we have the freedom of Christendom,—conservative to-day, progressive to-morrow, as the Spirit of Christ in us, our Sovereign Lord, shall direct. Our home is where He is, and we have his own word for it, that from those who are striving to do his will, he is never very far. Magnifying that transcendent Power before whom all of every name do bow, the Author and the Finisher of every form of faith, the Image and human Personality through whom and in whom alone we see the Father, the dear Lord at whose feet we sit when our hearts are oppressed and we would pour out our soul in tears, the Inspirer, the Friend, when we would do the whole will of Heaven amidst the limitations of earth, we see, as we think, that all the signs of our religious times point to the Son of God and the Son of Mary as the Reconciler, not only of man to God, but of man to man,—yea, of Christian to Christian. The creed which is to unite Christendom is neither more nor less than the simple creed of the Apostles, simpler even than the grand old symbol to which, without reason, this name has been given,—a creed which the child can receive, but which the wisest cannot exhaust,—“I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.” We are not careful to win. We say, rather, Abide in that calling wherein ye were called, and serve God in it. We cannot, with some good persons, persuade ourselves that we or our children are to witness a revival of the ancient churches and creeds of Christendom. We do not believe that the sons and daughters of the Puritans, in any considerable number, are to go to mass again, save occasionally, as to a concert of sacred music, or that they will sing their prayers, or even hear them sung, instead of saying them. Ritualism has received a blow from which it can never recover. The heart of the world is not with ritualism any more. Moreover, criticism and science, and the very progress of the Christian mind and heart, have made it impossible for us to interpret the Scriptures as our fathers were able to interpret them. But what then? Does it follow that the Christ is dead? No more than it follows that the immortal soul is dead, when the earth has claimed its kindred dust. The Gos-

pel is the power of an endless life. The mighty forces of our religion are flowing back from the extremities of Christendom to the heart, which is Christ, and we are about to enter upon a new age of faith in Christ; — faith which is always productive, and brings forth fruit according to the month in God's great year. Love creates creeds and forms. You cannot reverse the process. The life of God in the soul of man is the pledge of true progress. Does it seem to you sometimes, reader, as you stand between the years, that the movement of our world toward heaven has ceased, or that we are even going backward? It is at the worst only one of those strange pauses which precede and predict every great advance. In a curious piece of old Christian literature, called, though without reason, the *Protevangelium Jacobi*, "James's Gospel of the First Things," the author writes thus of Joseph at the time of the Great Coming: "And I, Joseph, was walking, and yet was not walking, and I looked up into the sky, and I saw the sky in amazement, and I looked up to the pole of heaven, and I saw it standing still, and the birds of the air in tranquil calm, and all things in their courses for the moment suspended." So there is ever a great stillness when the Lord would speak; and out of that stillness comes the word for which all hearts wait, a word of new faith, hope, and charity. Whoso hath an ear to hear, let him hear it! and for us, as for our fathers, this year as in previous years, there shall be angel voices, and a star to guide us to the incarnate Redeemer, and mysteries for the heart to ponder, and work for the hands to do.

E.

ONLY ONCE IN LOVE.

So say those who are wise from the heart, and we are inclined to agree with them. *Liking* is not *loving*; and no life which once finds its own complemented and completed in the life of another can ever be torn and sundered from it. "There is no sex in souls," somebody says. Wrong, superficial, and absurd, — the radical mistake which causes a great deal of blundering and bewilderment. Woman is woman in every fibre and tendril of her spiritual nature. Man is man in intellect, affection, imagination, and will. They are as much two halves of a whole humanity, as the two lobes of the heart are the halves of one complete vital organ; and if so, marriage in its higher and spiritual relationships cannot be abolished by the stroke of death.

How beautifully and touchingly this is set forth in the following, which we extract from the "Tales of the Day."

WAITING.

Long lines of white divide my raven hair,
The first approach of gradual decay, —
The glossy curls with which he loved to play
In that far time when I was young and fair.

And am I not still fair? They tell me so.
What though the color from my cheek took flight
Upon that awful, well-remembered night
When first I heard that he I loved lay low.

O God, the sense of wild bewilderment,
Of utter desolation everywhere!
'T was morning ere my lips were fit for prayer,
Months ere I felt my sorrow Heaven-sent.

But peace has come. My heart is almost light;
And many think that time has cured the wound;
Like him who, with his eyes upon the ground,
And halting accents, wooed me yesternight.

O, 't was not thus that *thou* wert wont to woo,
With feeble platitudes and 'wildered sense;
But with a noble flood of eloquence,
And honest eyes that looked me through and through.

He thought I had forgot thee, O my love!
What knew he of the dew that drops unseen,
And keeps thy tender memory fresh and green,
Until that day when we shall meet above?

What knew he of the vows that make my life
A long, sad secret, ne'er to be revealed, —
A fast-closed casket with thy signet sealed, —
A widowhood ere yet I am a wife?

Each day I live again our last adieu,
The long-drawn sighs, the kisses, and the tears,
The hopes, — the giant hopes, — the little fears,
Of that last evening underneath the yew.

O, when, at last, thou ask'dst beneath thy breath
If I would wait a maiden for thy sake,
And, conscious of the answer I must make,
Smiled, ere I whispered, "Ever, love, till death."

Did I not sicken with a sudden fright,
 That it might be even as it has been ?
 Did I not clasp thy neck my arms between,
 Lest some rude power should wrest thee from my sight ?

So I have waited, — and I still will wait
 (For hope is infinite and mercy wide)
 Till kindly death restore to thee thy bride,
 And my lone heart no more be desolate.

And yet I would not wish my watch to end ;
 I have the cheerful faces of the poor,
 That seem to brighten as I pass their door ;
 I have thy brother's orphan babe to tend.

Dear child ! last evening, at the old, old place,
 I saw him watch me as I stayed behind,
 And, as I kissed the letters in the rind,
 I felt a blush rise hot into my face.

He calls me mother, too ; and I have seen
 At times so strange a likeness, love, to thee,
 That I have drawn him closer unto me,
 And wept to think of that which might have been.

Wait, then, O heart ! again the morning sun
 Slow through the vanquished mists his pathway wins ;
 Again, once more my round of life begins ;
 Thank God that I can say, " Thy will be done."

ANOTHER HYMN BY HARRIS.

We take only the last six stanzas, and give a heading suited to them.

DWELLING WITH GOD.

There white-robed Worship day and night
 Pours forth the endless lay,
 There Courage waits in armor bright,
 Resistless for the fray.

There Insight opes the pearly door,
 And bids the veil arise,
 Where martyrs walk, their conflicts o'er,
 With Christ in Paradise.

Dear Patience weaves the bridal veil,
 And Peace the snowy dress,
 To clothe, when mortal seasons fail,
 The soul with loveliness.

And Meekness stands like Moses there,
And Truth with prophet rod,
While Joy, caught up through golden air,
Transfigured, lives with God.

Sweet Comfort spreads the dainty cheer,
While Faith supplies the food ;
No grace but owns in heart sincere
The royal reign of good.

But most Deliverance comes to write,
While all the loves accord,
What full beatitudes requite
Hearts that receive the Lord.

REFLECTIONS.

Good habits are maintained, and bad ones avoided, only by constant effort.

The greatest troubles are often the least seen.

Opinions travel with seven-leagued boots, while knowledge comes halting after.

Proud men starve where others thrive.

Man grows by suffering, 't is his Maker's plan ;
Each, till he suffers, is but half a man.

We diminish the power of enjoyment by too much devotion to the means.

Time moves faster as the mind moves slower. The older one grows, the faster time goes. In the torpor of age weeks dwindle to days.

As the desire to grow in wisdom and goodness increases, the desire of mere distinction diminishes.

Common men have no reason to envy great men, for the trials of the strong are proportioned to their strength.

The most important truths can be learned only by experience.

The world measures a man by what he does, but he measures himself by what he thinks he can do.

Care and trouble are like the cow-pox and the small-pox. We must take the former to guard ourselves against the latter.

The necessities which confine men to particular employments are the chief support of good habits. Men resemble the masts of a ship, which must be tied down to keep them steady.

We cannot be happy in freedom from care,
Its pressure supports us like that of the air.

There is often much uniformity in a man's great trials. Providence disciplines by repeated strokes.

One of the best things for a man to invest in is the good-will of his fellow-men.

Most new things are old ones returning in their orbits.

Cleopatra's needle shows that she must have been the greatest sempstress that ever lived.

Most novels are only gossip in print, and that is what makes them generally pleasing.

Men do not seem to be much nearer to happiness for having everything else.

Large masses are moved by small causes.

History resembles a tree, which gradually loses its foliage and limbs, and in time becomes a shapeless trunk.

If a right religious belief were essential to salvation, who could be saved?

A man should be cautious about what he says in jest, lest it should be repeated as if said in earnest.

Particular kinds of good and evil, like particular kinds of vegetables, are continually dying out, and new ones take their place. Providence varies the modes of instruction and discipline more than the amount.

The eloquence of youth o'erflows
In foam like bottled beer ;
Which vents its froth, and slowly grows
Substantial, calm, and clear.

A man who holds his head too high is likely to hit his foot against a stump.

A wise man profits more by the experience of others, than a fool does by his own.

If books were oftener condensed, they would be seldomer abridged.

The spirit, like electric fire,
Concealed in matter lies,
Till death, discharging it from earth,
Conducts it to the skies.

Learning and wealth are often best used when least shown.

Different occasions draw out different parts of a man's character till the whole is known, however much he may try to disguise it.

E. W.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH AND HIS EDITION OF PLUTARCH.

THE death of this cultivated and true-hearted scholar has been announced in the literary journals of the day, and the tidings will be heard with grief by many hearts. Personally known to a few in this country, he will be known, we hope, to very many, through his admirable edition of Plutarch's Lives, issued simultaneously here and in England. We hope that, with the encouragement which this fair copy supplies, our young men will be induced to read this Bible of the Gentiles, as we have learned to call it, and learn how truly St. John has written of the Christ before Abraham, and of the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and shines even in the darkness. Plutarch is not a dry chronicler, but a living, loving man, and one finds the same instruction and entertainment in turning over his pages as we gain from a wise and genial talker, who, without aiming at any startling effects, simply talks right on from the abundance of his heart. The Lives are full of instruction for our times, for human nature is one and the same in all ages and lands, and, if our limits permitted, we might call from the old biographer many things which would be new to some of our readers, for Plutarch, as we have reason to know, is more talked about than read. Perhaps at some future time we shall return to him.

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Poems. By JOHN G. SAXE. Complete in one volume. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — The name of John G. Saxe is often in the newspapers, and yet we must confess that, until this little book was put into our hands, we had never read a line of his poetry. He is a writer of wit and humor, and he uses his gifts on the right side. We are very glad to have been introduced to his hearty, open, genial face, and to his exceedingly pleasant and really thoughtful verses, in which sound and sense keep even pace. Let him stand beside Al-lingham, though their gifts are so unlike, and wear with him the blue and golden bravery which they of the "old corner" love. E.

Spectacles for Little Eyes. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. — It is very often the case that both men and boys need to have their own city explained to them, so that they may know at least as much about it as they know of other places. This little book explains Boston, old and new, to the young people, in a very pleasant and instructive way, and the pictures scattered here and there over the pages make one feel quite at home. E.

The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III. 1760-1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C. B. In two volumes. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. — Mere chronicles do not interest the world now, if they ever have. At all events, they should be written by some one that is not above gossiping a little, like cheerful old Herodotus, who, as it turns out, has been abused without cause, and proves to be a true witness of things which he professes to know, and a pleasant reporter of matters that did not come so directly within his reach. The progress of the *individual* engages our attention, and so does the progress of *government*, — the changes that come over everything which hath in it the breath of life. As the history of the constitution of one of the most vigorous — we wish we could add the most honest and high-toned — of nations, Mr. May's work demands and will attract careful study. We have been able to read but a few of the pages, but these are well written, and have come, without question, from a thoughtful and conscientious scholar, who is evidently competent to deal with his subject. American readers are much indebted to the publishers for putting a valuable English vol-

ume within their reach, and we hope that they will learn amongst other lessons the folly of those who make such bitter complaints of our own government, as if it were the worst the world has ever known. Surely we have come by some of our evil ways strictly in the course of inheritance.

E.

Poems. By WM. ALLINGHAM. First American Edition. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — They are the “numerous” utterances of a warm-hearted and silver-tongued Irishman, who sings with sweetness and grace, and they well deserve a place upon the little shelves, in little rooms in little cottages, that hold the volumes in “blue and gold.” There are poems here, too, for some who have only little hands, and perhaps must be read to, — not silly poems, as if children were fools and craved nonsense, but truly simple and child-like. We shall venture to transfer to our pages the

THREE FLOWERS.

A pilgrim light for travel bound
Tript through a gay parterre ;
The cool, fresh dew was on the ground,
The lark's song in the air.
One bud, where free of cloud or mist
Heaven's color did unfold,
He claimed with joy, and fondly kissed,
And next his heart will hold.
How happy ! might the tender thing,
The blue, delightful blossom,
Have kept the sweetness of its spring,
Nor withered in his bosom !

He strode along through cultured fields,
By manly contest won,
And blessed the sylvan bower that shields
From rage of noontide sun ;
But spied aloft a rich, red bloom,
And, good or evil hap,
The slippery precipice he clomb,
To set it in his cap.
Then forward, forward proudly flies,
Too swift and proud for heeding
How leaf by leaf his vaunted prize
May scatter in the speeding.

Across a moorland crept his way ;
 The heather far and near
 Steeped in the solemn sinking day,
 And the sad waning year.
 His bent regard descries a flower,
 One little cup of snow,
 Whose mystic fragrance hath the power
 To bring him kneeling low.
 All on the ground he dropt asleep ;
 The grasses grew to hide him.
 Above unrolls the starry deep ;
 A white flower waits beside him. E.

Record of an Obscure Man. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — The "Record of an Obscure Man" might well be entitled, "Plea for an obscure and sadly abused people." It is an admirable *résumé* of facts about the African, which our blinded eyes have overlooked, but which every lover of justice and humanity will eagerly welcome and ponder. It has been very convenient to assume the inferiority of the negro race, and to confound the lowest African tribes with the most advanced, and this in the face of the best and most positive testimony of observing travellers. The time has gone by, we hope, for such unfairness, and this little book is singularly opportune. We shall soon see what the negro is capable of, even in the first months of relief from the discouraging influences of a protracted servitude. Let us not ask too much of him, but remember the children of Israel at the Red Sea and at Sinai. Even a vigorous race must take time to recover from the depressing effects of centuries of bondage. E.

Rights and Duties of the United States relative to Slavery, under the Laws of War. No Military Power to return any Slave. "Contraband of War" inapplicable between the United States and their Insurgent Enemies. By DAVID LEE CHILD. Republished, with Notes, from the *Liberator*. Boston : R. F. Walcutt. — A pamphlet of forty-eight pages. Mr. Child contends that the government, by the war power, has a right to sweep slavery clean out of the republic, and he puts his points with his usual vigor. The contraband doctrine he considers false in a legal point of view, and too narrow and technical to meet the broad demands of the occasion.